AN HEROICK

ELEGIE

Upon the moſt lamentable Death of the Incomparable Heroina,

Madame ISABELLA BUGGS,

The much Loved WIFE of

Col. WILLIAM BUGGS,

Formerly Widow to that Worthy Gentleman

HENRY LLOYD

Of *CHEAM, in Com. Surrey*, Eſquire;

And DAUGHTER to that Honourable Perſon Sir *GEORGE PARKINS* of *BUNNY in Com. Nottinghamſhire*, Knight.

ASſiſt me all ye Saints, whilſt I aſpire,
Not like *Prometheus*, to ſteal Heavenly fire;
But like *Elias*, in a Chair of Flame,
To wait upon the Herſe, of this great Dame.
I beg ſuch flames, ſhall give a heat Divine,
Which burn not to conſume, but to refine;
Or if conſume, they ſhall ſuch heat afford,
As leaves the Scabbard whole, yet melts the Sword.
Thoſe Lambent fiers, inwards do controul,
Not touch the Body, but embrace the Soul.
That's Beauties ſeat, whilſt Limbs, and Colours paſs,
As faint reflections from a brittle glaſs.
She was within all glory, her Soul ſet,
Like to a flaming Chryſolyt, in Jet;
Or Saphires, Rubies, Diamonds were met,
I'th' compaſs of her Chryſtal Cabinet;
Through which her Soul tranſpeer'd, and we did find,
I'th' clouds of Earth, the mirrour of her mind.
She liv'd a Chriſtian, and did others teach
If they'd be taught, and great Example preach,
More than a Sermon; nay, I'le boldly ſay,
That Heav'n was made more holy, by her way
Of ſerving it, her whole life being plac'd
On *Jacobs* Ladder, and ſo interlac'd
'Twixt Action and Devotion, clearly we
Did in th'Aſcent, and Deſcent Angels ſee.
She born upon the wings of Love, doth fly
Now in the boſom of Eternity.
Juſt like a Faulcon, that ſoars always true,
Though newly drawn from Earth, her Mother Mue;
And neerer mounts to that Eternal Light,
Doth more, and more, ſtill leſſen to our ſight:
So though ſhe's fled from us, yet ſhe is ſeen
By Angels tow'ring towards th'high Heavens Queen;
Who riſeth to receive her in her Arms,
And prays her Son to guard her from all harms.
She ſtudy'd to encreaſe two Husbands joys,
And made one, Father of moſt gallant Boys;
Whoſe noble care, will always be to bring
Honour to th'Kingdom, Safety to the King.
But left ſo many Daughters here behind,
Enough to teach the Sex of Woman-kind.
She always ſhew'd of graces rich encreaſe,
And ſuch a num'rous Iſſue, ne'r can ceaſe.
She made the world more happy ſtill by Births,
Yet brought her Fruits to Heav'n, ſo well as Earth.
Her Soul was ſure Celeſtial, and did run
Over all Creatures, like the powerful Sun;
Which though it keeps its Orb, yet does beſtow
Eſſence, and comfort on all things below.
So all good Chriſtians found her Soul to be
A ſource of inexhauſted Charity.
She was of *Parkins* good, and glorious Blood,
Yet never ſtrove to be ſo great as good.
Nor did th'addition of two Noble Names,
Adde to her more than Chriſtian humble flames.
And ſo ſhe did ſubmit her Loyal Fate
To the Kings fortune, and his then troubled State.
I'le ſay no more, for that I truly fear,
The world will call her ſo, a Cavaleer.
Her Bones St. *Giles* now holds, but Name ſhall have
In all true Chriſtian Hearts a living grave.
Whilſt Churches do reſound her Funeral knell,
Angels their Trumps, her own Name *Iſ-a-Bell*;
A true Saints Bell, to call both us, and them
To reſt, i'th' Heavenly Hieruſalem.

FINIS.

Theſe Verſes to the Number of the Years that this good Lady lived, were wept over her much-lamented Herſe, by an old Admirer of her ſtill living Vertues, and moſt humble Honourer of her Eternal Memory, *H. I.*

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